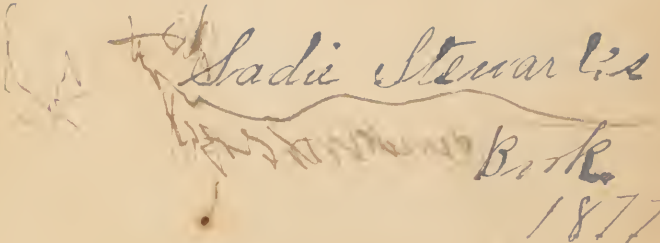


# LITTLE MINNIE;

## AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

PANSY.

*Boston:*
*Published by D. Lothrop & Co.*
*Dover, N. H.: G. T. Day & Co.*

# LITTLE MINNIE.

She stood in the cemetery beside a long green grave. She had a bunch of wild flowers in her fat brown hand.

"I'm going to give them to papa," she said with a bright smile to Uncle John who went over to talk with her. "My papa has gone to heaven, you know; but he likes to have me bring him flowers. He used to kiss me for them, always, but he can't now, 'cause he is so busy helping the angels, but he is keeping all the kisses, and when a nice summer day comes I am going after them."

"Do you know the way?" Uncle John asked her.

"Oh, no; but the angel does. Jesus keeps angels all ready to come down here, and when he wants any little girl, he calls an angel and says, 'You go get that little girl for me, and bring her up here, I have got something for her.' Papa went a good while ago, and sometimes mamma and I get most tired of waiting. I asked mamma this morning if she thought he had forgotten us, because he had so many children; but she said:

"'Oh, no, indeed! God had promised that he never would forget anybody;' and he won't, you know, 'cause he never tells a lie. Do you know God?"

"Yes, my darling, I know him very well."

"Then you don't think he'll ever go and forget, like folks do sometimes?"

"There isn't a bit of danger," Uncle John said, and she gave a happy little sigh.

"Everybody says so that knows him," she said. "Once I asked a man, and he said he didn't know anything about it; but everybody who knows God thinks just the same thing, and mamma thinks so; she says she is *sure* of it; so I know it must be."

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

DELL was to have her picture taken, to be given to grandpa for his birthday. There was a great time about it; she and her mother didn't agree. Dell wanted to hold the great yellow cat in her arms and have *her* picture taken too.

"Before I would hold that old yellow tabby on my lap!" her brother Willie said.

"I would hold him a great deal quicker than I would your dirty brown dog," said Dell, curling up her lips.

"Grandpa doesn't like cats," ventured her mother.

"He will like *my* cat," Dell said, and two wrinkles came out on her forehead.

"You will get cat hairs all over your new blue dress," said Auntie Kate.

"If my dress is too good for Mink to sit on, I don't want to wear it," said Dell, and she pouted out her lips.

The end of it was that she had her own way, and here she is at the artist's rooms, waiting for her picture to be taken. Her hair is waved beautifully, her ruffle is of fine lace, her blue dress has shirred trimming on, and is fixed so that almost every shir will show. Her cat's tail curls just right. But, oh dear me! the wrinkles stayed in her forehead, and the curl stayed in her nose, and the pout stayed in her lips! How could they help it? for while she was waiting, this was what she thought:

"The idea of Willie calling Mink an old yellow thing! And just as if she would hurt my blue dress! I'm not afraid of a few of her hairs. It is real mean in them all not to like Mink; I don't care, I've got her, and if grandpa doesn't like my picture, he needn't have it."

The sour looks couldn't get away, you see, because the sour heart was still there. When the picture came home, and was shown to grandpa, he put on his glasses and looked at it a long time without speaking a word. At last he said:

"I am glad you took the cat with you!"

Dell looked as glad as possible, and nodded her head in triumph at her mother, but something in grandpa's voice made her mother ask:

"Why are you?"

"Because," said grandpa, "Dell looks so sober and wrinkled; if the cat wasn't there, I am afraid people would think she was an old lady. The cat is good-natured, I see."

## WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

### PART I.

She was a pretty girl. Her face is a little too sad as you see it now, but this is New Year's morning, and her birthday. Queer reasons for being sad, you think. But sometimes they are good ones.

A great many things can happen in a year; this girl, Fanny Eames, had a father and mother, and a home, last New Year's day. Now her mother is buried in the Atlantic Ocean, and her father in Greenwood Cemetery, and the old home is broken, and Fanny lives in the country with Aunt Margaret.

Just one live thing came from the dear home with her, and that is the birdie standing on her finger. I can't begin to tell how much Fanny loves him; they have long talks together, and on this particular morning she puts her lips softly to his beak and whispers:

"My darling little Dickie bird! It is just a year ago this morning that papa put you in my room to surprise

me, and now you are all I have got left; do you hear, Dickie? Papa is gone, and mamma is gone, and there is nobody to love me, only you;" and then the tears came plashing down on Dickie's wings.

"Chirp," he said. "Chirp, chirp," in a soft, tender little voice, as if it might have been meant for, "Don't cry, I love you."

Fanny was a girl who often looked grave and sad, but seldom cried. So now she brushed away the tears, and said, still speaking to Dickie:

"It is a bad way to begin the year, crying, but it is very lonesome to think of, Dickie, how you and I are all alone, with nobody to love us or care much about us. Aunt Margaret can't love us much, of course, for she don't even remember much about mamma, her own sister; and she isn't a bit like her anyway; besides, she doesn't have much time for loving; she has to make so many comfortables. I hope they will make somebody *comfortable*, I'm sure. I have to spell that word with a *u* and an *u* before it, Dickie. That's what they are to me. Oh dear! It would be so nice to have a friend. One who could say more than 'chirp, chirp'—and do more than sing. I am so very, *very* lonesome, and years are so long. I don't know what to do."

Hark! Had Dickie learned to speak! He stood quite still and looked at her. *Was* it a voice, or was it

the echo of an old lesson taught her by her mother in the happy long ago? It sounded very plain and clear.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"Our Father!" — Fanny whispered the words over, softly. It was strange that she should have forgotten, and called herself alone, when she had a Father who gave such loving care as that. Even watched the common little sparrows; then, of course, he took care of her Dickie, who was so much better than a sparrow; then, of course, he took care of her, who, with her thinking, feeling, never-dying soul, was of more value than many, *many* sparrows.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered!" How wonderful! She took hold of one of the long silky curls, and tried to count the hairs even in one curl. How constant and patient must be the care that knew even so little a thing as that!

How glad and happy that mother and father gone to heaven must have felt as they looked down upon their darling this New Year's morning, to think that they taught her those Bible verses that had gathered to comfort her now. For they did comfort her. How could

they help it, for she knew and loved that Father in heaven.

She put Dickie gently back into his cage, and then she knelt down, and thanked her Father for his constant watching love and care, and for giving her such a blessed friend as Jesus, and for letting her dear bird Dickie remind her of it, this morning.

And she asked for help to begin the New Year well, not in sadness for the past New Year's day, but in looking forward to, and getting ready for, the glad New Year's morning that should never end. Then she went about her room singing softly:

"If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call."

"Chirp, chirp," said Dickie, contentedly, in his cage; and that was all he knew about it.

# WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

## PART II.

On that same New Year's morning Clara and Trudie Brownlow popped their heads out of the window and watched a fat little bird eat its breakfast, and as they looked they talked — they were always talking.

"I wonder if this is a Bible sparrow?" said Trudie, with her head on one side.

"A Bible sparrow! Trudie Brownlow, what do you mean? There isn't anything in the Bible about sparrows."

"Yes, there is, too; there's one thing that I know more than you do, if you are four years and three months and two weeks and five days the oldest." You see, she knew very well, indeed, the difference in their ages; the truth is, Clara kept her posted.

"Well, come now," Clara said, "what *is* there in the Bible about sparrows? I should just like to know that."

"I don't quite remember; it is all mixed up in my mind, but I *know* it's there. If you think I don't know, you go ask mother."

In popped the two heads; down-stairs racketed two pairs of shoes, and two breathless girls spoke at once to the woman who was feeding a big turkey.


THE LITTLE PENSIONER.

"Mother, *isn't* there a verse in the Bible about sparrows?"

"Mother, *is* there a word about sparrows in the Bible?"

"Why, yes, of course; here, thread this needle, Trudie, so I can sew up this turkey's mouth; he's had enough."

"Where is it?" asked crestfallen Clara; she was a girl who was particularly fond of being right; and Trudie's triumphant, "I told you so," was aggravating.

"My land, child! I don't remember. Ask your uncle, or look in the concordance. Sarah, you must get those cranberries on right away or they won't get real cold. Come, scud, children, there's business to be done here to-day."

Away scampered the girls, eager to get their uncle or a concordance; one would do as well as the other. He was in the study, and I may as well tell you he was the new minister; but he looked in the concordance himself, before he answered their questions as to where. At this they were somewhat astonished; they stood in awe of this uncle, were very little acquainted with him, and thought that, being a minister, he ought to know where Bible verses were without looking.

"Luke, twelve, six," he presently said, and the two girls raced after their Bibles. There they read:

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

"My!" said Trudie, feeling of her thick yellow curls. "Only think, Clara, what a thing to do."

Clara said not a single word, and she shut the Bible suddenly and went away. I cannot begin to tell you how strangely she felt; there had come to her such a sense of that great and wonderful eye of God, looking down at her all the time, watching every word and step. She went away by herself into the sitting-room, and took down from the shelf two little white boxes filled with pink cotton. Under the pink cotton, in each box, was a little gold pen.

Now let me tell you about them. This is New Year's morning, remember, and among other things had come to these two girls these two pens, given by a father who was very proud, indeed, of the writing which his two girls could already do. Now, anybody who has tried gold pens knows that there is a wonderful difference in the way they behave. Clara had tried both of these, of course; she always tried things.

She had made a discovery, that the one in the box marked "Clara" made a little scratchy sound that was very disagreeable, and that the one in the box marked "Trudie" slipped along over the paper as if it were

glass. The pens were as like as two peas, and it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to conclude that she, being the oldest, ought to have the best, and to slip her's into Trudie's pink cotton, and Trudie's into hers.

Now, she stood looking at them, and going over the arguments :

"I'm the oldest, and of course I ought to have the best pen. I write three times to Trudie's once; and she doesn't know a good pen from a bad one, anyway; she'll be perfectly delighted with that. They are just exactly alike, anyhow, and papa just happened to write Trudie's name there instead of mine. Of course he didn't know there was any difference; if he had, he would have been sure to say that I ought to have the best one." So she shut the boxes once more, and went to the window. "There's that fat sparrow eating yet," she said. "He means to keep New Year's, anyhow. 'And not one of them is forgotten before God.'"

She said the words over aloud, and reverently. How wonderful it was. Then the next sentence — about the hair — she remembered that, too; and if he saw such little, *little* things, wasn't it likely he thought about all the things we did. What did God think of those two gold pens, done up in pink cotton? That was the important question.

Papa didn't know there was any difference; but she did, and God did. Two people to know it, when she had imagined only one. It certainly made a difference.

It was very still in that little sitting-room for a while. Clara seemed to be doing nothing but looking out of the window at that sparrow, but presently she went over to the white boxes, and with quick, decided fingers picked out the two pens and exchanged their beds and rooms in a twinkling.

"There!" she said, decidedly. "Scratch, if you want to; it's honest, anyhow; and the other thing *wasn't*, or else I wouldn't have cared so much about having Him know it."

And the fat sparrow picked at his crumbs of bread, and knew nothing about all this. But the Father of both, looking down from his throne, saw and heard and knew about it all.

## CHINESE.

I DON'T believe you can guess whether this is a boy or a girl. Whoever it is, doesn't he or she wear a queer hat? Is it a hat or a parasol? Isn't that a queer way to carry baskets of fruit and flowers? Do you suppose that is a water-melon? Let's take a bite of it and see.

Now I'll tell you, this is a girl. Where does she live? Why, across the ocean in China. She has got herself

dressed up, so that I suppose she thinks she looks very neat and nice, and she has gone out to sell her flowers. Roses, they look like; great, splendid roses. Don't you smell them?

What in the world do you suppose all those chains are for around her waist? Perhaps she thinks they look pretty. I can't make out how she keeps her hat on; if it is a hat.

I wish we could see her feet, I want to know whether they are more than four inches long; don't you? Perhaps she had a mother who was not so silly as to bind up her poor little baby footie, so it couldn't grow any more. That is the fashion in China. Aren't you glad that you don't live there?

They are very queer people. A friend of mine, who lives in California, has a Chinaman for her servant to do house-work. How do you think he sprinkles clothes for ironing? You know how that is done, with a little broom, or with the hand, make the water go in a fine mist all over the clean clothes, so they will be nice and damp for the next day's ironing.

Well, my friend showed her man how to do it, and he seemed to get along very well, but going into the work-room suddenly, one day, she discovered that he thought he had found a better way than that. She stood and watched him behind the door. He filled his mouth full

of water from the dipper, then he squirted it in a little stream all over the clothes! How would you like to wear a white dress that had been sprinkled in this way?

## AN UMBRELLA FROLIC.

They were two nice sober-looking umbrellas. They stood behind the front door. The girls, Susy and Kate, and their two cousins, Emma and Laura, came out ready for a walk to town.

"Girls," called mamma, "take umbrellas; it looks like rain."

"*I* don't want to go," said the brown umbrella. "We always have to be poking to town in the rain! never have a chance of peeping out in pleasant weather. I'm sick of it. Were you ever out in the sunshine?"

"I don't remember that I ever was," the other umbrella said, and it gave a little sigh. "But then, of course, we were *made* for rainy weather. Who needs umbrellas in the sunshine?"

"I don't care," grumbled the other. "I think it's mean. We never go anywhere where there is any fun, either; always poking to the post-office, or to school. I want to go to the woods, or have a ride on the lake; there would be some fun in that. If I go down town this afternoon, I'll have a frolic, you see if I don't.

There's going to be a gale; I see it through the key-hole. I'll turn inside out just as sure as I'm an umbrella if they take me out this afternoon."

"What good will that do you?"

"Oh, good! *You* are always looking out for the *good* of things! I wouldn't be so stupid! I've made up my mind to have a little fun. You see if I don't lead those girls a life of it!"

Sure enough! There they go down town; Susie and Laura ahead, and the others behind. Susie carried, or

tried to carry, the sulky umbrella. If you look at it, you will see it's idea of fun.

How that creature did act! It whirled and tipped, and swayed this side and that; it turned the girls right round and round; it blew them out into the mud, and almost into the river; and finally it turned inside out, and left the rain to pour down on them!

Then I suppose it laughed in umbrella fashion! As for the other one, it was quiet and well behaved. A

dreadful time those two girls had; and when they reached home they were as wet as ducks.

The very first thing they did, after their wet dresses were changed, was to take that umbrella up in the back attic and throw it into a corner. And as it so happened that nothing was wanted from that particular quarter for two or three weeks, not a person did the umbrella see, and a stupid time it must have had.

One day, much to its joy, there was a great deal of scampering up and down stairs, and getting of bundles and packages out of that attic.

"What *can* be going on?" said the umbrella, trying to turn on its rusty sides. "If I only weren't turned inside out, I could see what those girls are about."

Just then came a call from the foot of the stairs:

"Girls, bring umbrellas with you, and we'll sail home by their help; there is a nice stiff breeze."

"Oh, goody!" Susie said. "Won't that be *just* splendid! I have always wanted a sail on the lake, but father never would let me ride in a sail boat."

Then they caught sight of the old umbrella lying meekly in a corner.

"If that old thing hadn't gone inside out that windy day, and acted so horrid, we could take it too; it was a nice large one." This Kitty said.

And Susie stopped and gave it a parting glance:

"Well, its day is done," she said; "never mind, we'll take the other."

And there that umbrella lay, and listened to the talk, and the laughs that were going on down-stairs! and had the pleasure of thinking that if it had not tried to get up a frolic, when it should have been attending to its work, it might have a sail on the lake now in the brightest sunshine that ever was! Many a frolic ends quite as foolishly as that. It's a queer thing, but there truly are some boys and girls who don't seem to know any more than this umbrella!

## WHO TOLD THE SECRET?

Just notice the pin that fastens this young lady's sack; it is a real diamond, and glitters and flashes in the sunlight in a way that would make you fancy there were a dozen little fires glowing inside. It is rather a cold storm in which to be out in that little sack, but if my lady had her thick coat and muffler on, the pin wouldn't show; so she must needs brave the storm.

She is by no means in a happy state of mind. Great has been her trial over that same diamond pin. She has been gone since early in the afternoon, and from the time she slipped out at the back door, until she neared home again, she had not seen a truly happy minute.

The story of her discomfort could all be put in a nutshell: the diamond pin did not belong to her and she had no right to wear it! Reason enough for misery.

At least three times that afternoon all the blood had seemed to rush up to her head, as she felt for the pin and could not find it; to be sure it was simply because, being unused to having any pin there, she did not feel in the right place, but for the moment she suffered just as much pain as though the gleaming thing was actually gone.

The road from the village never seemed so long in the world, as it did that day; the walk was very unsatisfactory. It stormed so that nobody worth showing her pin to was out, and the few people she met seemed not to see it at all; in fact, the wind blew her umbrella about in just the right way to hide it the best; besides, she missed her coat and furs, and was thoroughly chilled and uncomfortable.

I don't think she ever felt more relieved in her life than she did when she succeeded in getting in at the back door, pin in hand, and up the back stairs, through the long, dark, back hall, to her Aunt Nellie's room, and had stuck the glowing pin into the fat red cushion where it belonged.

"There!" she said; "you hateful old thing; I'm so

glad you are stuck fast in that sawdust once more! I didn't think diamond pins were so awful uncomfortable. I'm sure I never shall want one of my own. Nobody knows anything about it, and I'll never be caught in such a scrape as this again. I wouldn't have Aunt Nellie know it for anything. Well, it is safe, and there is no harm done. But I wouldn't have such a mean afternoon again for all the diamond pins in the world. I'm glad nobody need ever know a thing about it."

And drawing a long relieved sigh she stole out of the room and down to the sitting-room, where she shivered over the fire all the evening. Now the truth of the matter is, that of course Miss Ella Newton didn't see what was going on in that same room, while she was at the post-office.

In the first place, Aunt Nellie Thatcher did what she hardly ever had to do, went up to her room in the middle of the afternoon. Ella had trusted to the fact that when her Auntie was fairly dressed for the afternoon, and established in the sitting-room with her mother, she rarely left it again until tea-time. How could she know that on this particular afternoon Aunt Nellie would forget her scarlet worsted, and go in search of it?

This was what happened: being far away from home and rather lonely at night, Aunt Nellie had begged for her young namesake for a room-mate. The first thing

the lady did, as she entered the room, was to sniff up her pretty little nose in the way that people do when they smell something very decided.

"Jockey Club!" said Aunt Nellie; "that little midget has been at my bottle of perfumery. No particular harm about that, except that I heard her mother tell her expressly not to meddle with my things; it isn't pleasant to discover that a little girl forgets to mind her mother, when she thinks no one is looking. But I suppose the child forgot. My little lady must have made her toilet in haste. She has left the washstand in a sad plight."

And the auntie proceeded to turn the dirty water left standing in the bowl into the slop jar. As she did so, sniff went her nose again:

"Cashmere Bouquet Soap!" she said, and her face looked grave.

The Cashmere Bouquet Soap was an article belonging to her own private toilet case, carried along for hotel convenience and not brought out when she was a guest at a private house; yet here it was with its peculiar breath, in the muddy-looking water, as plainly shown as though the whole cake lay there, when in truth it lay at that moment, as Aunt Nellie took pains to discover, in her rubber toilet case, very moist and sticky. And the toilet case had been under the second till in the large trunk!

What rummaging had been going on! While she closed the washstand drawer, with a troubled face, the trouble deepened, and she opened the drawer again to take a full view; yes, there was her namesake's little camel's hair tooth-brush — a present from herself, and all over the tell-tale bristles there glistened a pink powder, and the handle was pink in spots and sticky. Her own peculiar rose-flavored tooth powder which was packed in a little jar in the corner of the small trunk.

"Why, what a dreadful little meddler!" she said in dismay; "who would have thought of such a thing! I wonder if I left my diamond pin in the trunk that is unlocked?"

Then *she* went to rummaging in all haste and excitement. A diamond pin was no small matter. Yes, there was the fat little pincushion belonging solely to it, but no glitter of diamonds about it. There was a story connected with that diamond pin, and, aside from its value, it was dearer to Aunt Nellie than any other jewel she had.

She walked about the room in considerable excitement for some minutes; feeling as if she must rush down-stairs and tell her husband's sister that her little girl was an impertinent little nuisance, to say the least, and that her pin must be sent for right away.

But she presently thought better of it, and went down-stairs as though nothing had happened; only keeping a

sharp lookout for the little girl who had gone to the post-office, and darting up-stairs two minutes after Ella had given her great sigh of satisfaction that "nobody knew anything about it."

Yes, there was the beloved pin on it's red cushion, gleaming away, not a bit the worse for having gone down street in the snow-storm. Aunt Nellie gave a little sigh, too, as she saw it, and then she told the result of this afternoon discovery to the twilight shadows that were stealing into the room.

"It is a wonder the careless little thing did not lose it. Who would suppose that she was such a meddler? So careful as her mother is to teach her. I shall have to give up my scheme for taking her home with me for the rest of the winter; it wouldn't do at all. I should never dare to go out of the house and leave her. Besides, I don't care about such a girl coming to influence my little Nina.

Think of that! and Aunt Nellie lived in one of the very grand houses, on one of the very grand streets of New York, and had a pipe organ in the library, and was going to have had Ella take music lessons. But she, you know, stood shivering behind the sitting-room stove, and feeling very glad that neither Aunt Nellie nor any one else knew anything about the walk that the diamond pin took. And for all I know she thinks so to this day.

## MISS FANNIE IN A REVERIE.

Does oo sink that New Year's
Somesing like our baby?
S'pose he kies a few tears
For some playsings, maybe?
Sink he'd freeze his foots,
In this winter weazer;
'Less he has big boots,
Like my little brother.

Kibmus came the ozzer day;
Brought old Santa in his sleigh.
Brought my doll, and Charlie's drum;
Rings for all; did you get some?
Sings *so* funny! Don't you know how,—
Who makes money? Tell me now?
Where does Santa get so much,
To buy sings for each of us?

Brother Charlie beats his drum,
Makes it rattle, just like fun;
Where does moosic come from, s'pose?
Dess you'd find old Santa knows.
Sought *I'd* find it, ozzer day,
Brother Charlie was away;

I tut a hole 'n it — very small, —
Just a place for ittie doll.

Guess I let the moosic out;
Couldn't find it, — nowhere 'bout.
You s'pose Charlie'll think it queer?
P'raps he'll think 'twas Dollie dear.
'Fraid I've spoiled my brother's drum, —
'Fraid he'll cry, when he tomes home!
Guess he'll "give" his sister, though,
Just as Jesus does, you know!

## NETTIE'S TRIAL.

NETTIE watched her mamma as she lifted the glass dish and the silver dish to their place on the sideboard.

"May I have some, mamma?" she said, eagerly, the minute they were safely landed.

Mamma shook her head. "Why, no, child," she said; "you have had your share of fruit to-day; or, let me see; why, I didn't give you your apple and orange, did I? I was thinking you had those to-day; well, you may have one of each kind; get a chair and help yourself."

Now if mamma Thorton had waited until Nettie answered her questions, instead of answering them herself as fast as she asked them, and then shutting the door


CHICAGO-ENGRAVING-CO-Sc

and going away, I feel quite sure that Nettie would have said :

"Why, yes, it was this very morning that I had both apple and orange."

As it was, she stood quite still and looked at those dishes of fruit.

"How funny," she said, "that mamma should forget so; now I never forget what I give Angelina Seraphina, and she hasn't any mouth that is good for anything, either. I always have to eat her fruit for her. How splendid those grapes do look. I wish mamma had said two of each kind. *Of course* I am going to have them. Didn't mamma say I could?"

This last sentence she said in a very indignant tone, though who she could have been answering, I am sure I don't know, for there wasn't a soul in the room but herself, and a fly or two. Yet it was plainly to be seen that Nettie was having a talk with somebody.

"I didn't tell her I didn't have any orange this morning. I wouldn't tell a *lie*, I guess; she said so her own self; it was a mean old sour one, too; I'd rather have grapes any day."

By this time one fat brown hand was reached out toward the grapes. Then she drew it back again.

"I don't see how I am to blame for mamma's not knowing that I had fruit this morning."

This she said in a pitiful tone, as though she was very much slandered. Who was blaming her, do you suppose?

"An apple and an orange aren't much to have in a day anyhow. I know lots of girls who eat more than that; 'sides the orange was sour. Grapes are good for sore throat. I heard Dr. Nelson say so."

What all that had to do with it, since her throat wasn't sore, I am sure I don't know. At last Nettie began to draw great long sighs.

"Oh, dear me!" she said; "oh, dear me suz! why need mamma have thinked out loud; why didn't she keep all the *thinks* inside, about my having an apple and an orange, and just said: 'Yes, Nettie, my dear, you may have one of each kind.' Then everything would have been nice, and nothing to decide; it is dreadful to have to decide things; I'd rather have her say, 'No, you can't have a single one.' Then I should just be sure that that was the end of it. Oh my sakes, what is the use of saying things over and over? I know I had an apple and an orange as well as you do; didn't I say so? And I know mamma forgot it, too; isn't that what I am talking about?"

And Nettie stamped her foot and began to look very red-cheeked indeed. Could it have been that great fly in the window who buzzed about the apple and orange?

"What I say is," began Nettie again, "that mamma *said* I could have some of this, and she didn't ask me if I had eaten any fruit to-day, and I didn't tell her I hadn't, and I don't see why I can't have some. Such a fuss about one grape; that is all I want."

Up went the slippered feet on tip-toe, out went the brown hand again, and again it drew back; that fly buzzed very loud indeed. Could it be that he was doing the talking? Some one surely spoke loud enough for Nettie to hear. This was what it said:

"You know your mamma *thinks* you haven't had any fruit to-day. You know she does — you know she does — you know she does." Nettie shook herself.

"I didn't say I hadn't," she said; "how can I help what mamma thinks?"

Up spoke the fly again (or the something):

"God can see folks' *thoughts*. You saw your mamma's, for she said them to you, but God can look right into your heart, and see yours; you haven't *said* that it was wrong to take the fruit, but haven't you thought it in your heart? God can see thoughts. God can see thoughts."

Over and over, this was said, and the fly buzzed, and Nettie stood there on tiptoe, her brown arm reached out, the tips of her fingers touching a great purple grape. In at the open window flew a brown honey bee; he lighted

on the trailing vine that hung from the jar, and what do you think he said? What but the same old story:

"God can see thoughts. God can see thoughts."

Nettie drew away her hand and said in a loud voice:

"I won't take one; so there. I know I ought to mind *thinks* as well as words when I can hear them; and I heard mamma's plain enough, and I'm sure I hear *mine*. Don't buzz any more, old fly. I'm not going to touch one of your grapes."

There was something happened then that Nettie didn't see, and knows nothing about; there was an angel in the room, looking right at her, and he was so happy just then that he laughed for joy, and he told ever so many other angels all about Nettie's trial, and they all agreed that she would be a stronger little girl after this than ever before, and that she should have some work to do that she could not have been trusted with if she had paid no attention to those thoughts that buzzed about her so earnestly.

## NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

MINNIE PARKER'S dress was very pretty; it was light gray poplin, with a black overskirt, and basque, trimmed with double puffs. Her hair was beautifully crimped, and fell nearly to her waist in rich brown waves. That

is she sitting on the grass, her hat beside her half full of flowers. Her particular friend, Anna Jamison, stands, hoop in hand, waiting for her.

"Now, see here, Carlo," said Minnie, "I want you to understand that you are not to stare at me and blink your eyes; when I tell you to say 'A,' you are to say it."

"Oh, do please come, Minnie," Anna said, "it is almost time for me to go; and we haven't had one good game this afternoon."

"Do wait, can't you? I don't want to be hurried every minute. Now, Carlo, say A this instant."

"Minnie," called Mrs. Parker from the open window, "come here, daughter."

"Yes'm, in a minute," called back Minnie. Then she said, "Oh, dear! I do wish mamma didn't always want me the minute I have anything interesting to do. Carlo, why *can't* you attend to me?"

"He don't know what you mean," pleaded Anna.

"Yes, he does, too; he's as smart a dog as ever was, when he's a mind to be. I'm out of all patience with him. There!" and she gave the poor, patient dog a good box on his ears. "Minnie," called her mother.

"Oh, *mamma!* what *do* you want?" she said, very crossly. "I'm coming in a minute, I tell you." It was well for Minnie that her mother couldn't hear her.

"Minnie Parker, you're all leaves," said Anna, with great gravity.

"All leaves!" Minnie said, rising suddenly, and shaking out her gray poplin — she was very particular about her dress. "Why, Anna Jamison! What in the world do you mean? There isn't a leaf near me."

"Yes, there is lots of 'em, and not a bit of fruit to be seen. Uncle Fred explained it to us — the lesson, you know. He made two trees on a slate; one was full of figs, and the other had 'nothing but leaves.' The figs were named 'love' and 'joy' and 'peace,' and those things; and Uncle Fred said the other tree was a little girl all dressed up, who hadn't any fruit. I don't think you are very loving, or you would do what I wanted; and you'd mind your mother, too; and you aren't very joyful, you look real cross; and I don't think it is very peaceful to send Carlo off barking and howling. But your dress is pretty and so is your hair; you're just all leaves and not a speck of fruit to be seen."

"That's nothing but a story," said Minnie. But she picked up her hat and went very thoughtfully into the house.

## SOME WISE CATS.

Did you ever hear the story of the wonderful cat who lived in a handsome country house, just a few miles out of London? Here is an actual photograph of the Tabby herself.

Lest you may not be acquainted with her, let me tell you the story. You must know that in her master's house there has been a place left in a side wall, like a little shelf, where the butcher, and baker, and milkman, can leave their bundles, or their pails, and ring the bell for the servant to come.

Miss Tabby had watched this performance a great many times, and this is what she thought, when one cold rainy day she prowled around that way:

"I wish I was in the kitchen; there's a nice warm fire, and something good cooking, of course, and a dish of milk waiting for me as likely as not; but I can't get in, till somebody leaves the door open; or, let me see, I wonder if I can't? There's that great bell; the milkman and the meat-man always ring it, and just as sure as they do, Jane opens the door to see what is wanted. That must be what the bell is for. Why shouldn't *I* ring it as well as anyone? I'm sure I want to get in."

No sooner thought than done. Out went Miss Tabby's paw, and ting-a-ling went the servant's bell sounding through the great house. Just imagine what the cook

must have thought as she hurried to open the door, and saw the cat standing quietly there waiting for admittance.

Now I am not acquainted with that cat; but I suppose the story is true, for people who are apt to tell the truth have said that it is. But since we are on the subject, let me tell you a cat story that I *know* is true.

A few years ago, there was a cat who lived out West somewhere, where rats are very plenty. They kept getting into the barn, and stealing the grain, and troubling the farmer very much. So he explained the matter to Snub (that was the cat's name), and, said he:

"Now, Snub, if you will catch every rat you see, and bring her to me, we will save their skins to make something nice of, and you shall have a dish of milk for every rat."

"It's a bargain," said Snub; at least she purred very loud, and looked pleased; and she was true to her word.

Day after day she came to the farmer with a rat in her mouth, sometimes almost as large as herself, and she would drop it at his feet, and look perfectly delighted with herself. She always got her milk and her word of praise.

It so happened that the place chosen for hanging the rat-skins to dry was the great barn door. And, don't you think, Snub worked away until there were seventeen rat skins tacked to that barn door.

But one day everything had gone wrong with Farmer Brown; it had rained on his hay, and on his nice dry wood, and the man who was coming to help build fence didn't come, and one of the horses was lame, and a man came to say that he couldn't possibly pay for his butter for a month to come.

While Farmer Brown was looking cross at that man, and waiting for him to explain what was the matter, up came Snub with another rat; and she meowed and meowed, in a most exasperating way, and seemed to think Farmer Brown ought to drop all thoughts of money and attend to her. Finally she made herself so much of a nuisance that he did attend to her.

"Get out!" he said, and he lifted his foot and gave her a very gentle little kick; "what are you yelling around me for? Scat!"

Now what do you think Snub did! You would hardly believe it, but it is really true. After going away a few feet and sitting down, and blinking her astonished green eyes at the cross man for a minute, she went straight to the barn door, and she scratched, and she clawed, and she bit, until she got every single rat-skin down; then she carried them, one by one, and dropped them in the spring behind the barn. When she had finished this amiable job, she sat down on a bag of oats, licked her face, and looked as though she wanted to say:

"There! catch your own rats after this if you want them."

A critic, looking over my shoulder, says just here:

"I don't see where the moral comes in with this story. I thought you would have nothing in the *Pansy* but that taught a moral lesson."

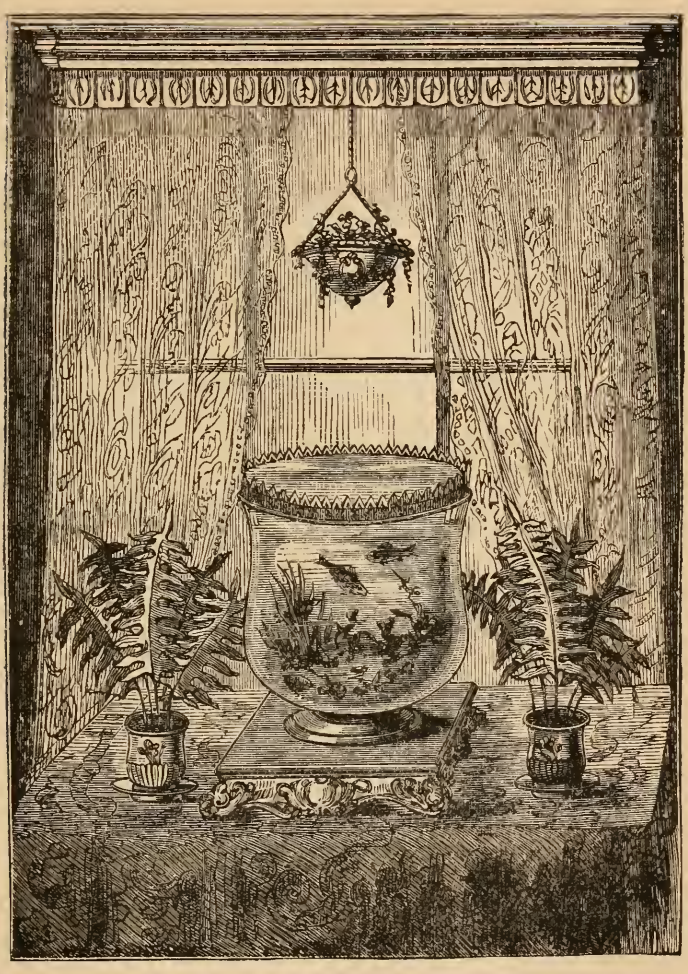
Now, little Pansies, think of his not being able to see the lesson. Perhaps he thinks that spitefulness doesn't look badly, even in a cat; but aren't you a little bit ashamed even of poor Snub? But what if he had been a boy with a soul, and done something very like that? Oh, dreadful!

Now I think of it, isn't it a strange thing that Farmer Brown couldn't be cross a little while, without leading even a cat to do wrong? I do suppose she wouldn't have been spiteful, if it hadn't been for Farmer Brown's ill-humor. But what if that same ill-humor had led a lit- girl, with a soul, to do something that was wrong? Oh, dreadful!

The trouble with the moral is, a piece of it is for grown people: and grown people don't like morals, you know.

## THE SILLY LITTLE FISH.

ONCE there was a silly little fish who lived in a lovely glass globe, in a lovely parlor; and flopped and flounced



about all day long, because he couldn't get out and live on the carpet.

Of course he couldn't have lived an hour on the carpet, but the silly little fish didn't know that; he thought

he was wiser than anybody else, and that the carpet was a lovely bright-colored house, and it was very hard and cruel to keep him from swimming about on it.

He tried his best to get out; he flopped himself against the side of the globe, with such force that he almost broke his fin, but the globe wouldn't let him out. Then he tried to jump out, he tried it ever so many times a day, for a great many days, but he couldn't do it, and so he was cross about half the time.

One unlucky morning, Anna, who had the charge of the globe, filled it a little fuller than usual with nice fresh water, and the minute she went out of the room, up popped the silly fish, and, with one good strong flounce, out he came on the marble block on which the globe stood. He thought that was a pretty cold place; and he was trying to plan how to get to the carpet, when who should spring from the hearth to the sofa, and from the sofa to the table, but green-eyed Tabby!

The silly little fish never got to the carpet, for Tabby killed him in less time than it takes me to tell it, and ate him up. If he had only been content to hop around in that nice cool fresh water, what a lovely home he might have had; and Tabby would have eyed him in vain! If he had only known what an enemy she was, and how steadily she was watching him every day!

# A CENTERVILLE CENTENNIAL.

## *CHAPTER I.*

### WHAT STARTED IT.

It all popped into their heads on a rainy Friday evening; they were twins, and they were brother and sister, and they were to be ten years old on the fourth day of July, 1876. And whatever they couldn't plan wasn't worth planning! Their names were George and Martha Washington Meyers. They were named after the father and mother of their country. They lived in the village

of Centerville. So much for their former history; now for what they did.

In the first place they sat in a corner of the great old-fashioned sofa and looked at the picture in a paper that had been brought in with the evening mail.

"What a fuss they make about the Centennial, anyway!" said Martha. "What's the use? I don't understand it, do you? What are they going to have down there in Philadelphia?"

"Have!" said George Washington, loftily; "why, *everything*. Machinery, you know, and flowers, and all sorts of improvements; things that have been made in the last hundred years."

"Flowers haven't been made in that time," said Martha.

"No, but then they always have flowers everywhere, and besides, there's new kinds."

"*We* have been made in the last hundred years," said Martha. "I think we ought to be there."

"That's so; but then there's lots of others just like us; that's the trouble; if they took all of us, there would be no room for locomotives and things. They only have one of a kind."

"I'd like to be the one of a kind. Wouldn't you? Wouldn't it be funny? Perhaps they'd put us in a case to be looked at; it would have to be you, too; 'cause we belong together."


"Halloo!" said George, "here's a bell. My! what a big fellow it is! I should like to hear it ring. See that crack down the middle."

"What cracked it?"

"I don't know; the powder, maybe. They rung it, you know, the day the Declaration of Independence was made. I declare if this bell isn't made out of it!"

"Out of what?"

"Why, out of the Declaration. Look! it is little fine letters, and it says, 'When, in the course of human events,' and all that, you know."

"Did you ever read it all through?"

"No; dunno as I ever did."

"Let's read it," said Martha, and at it they went. If the men who wrote it could have heard what these two wise ones said about it, they would have thought longer over some of the sentences.

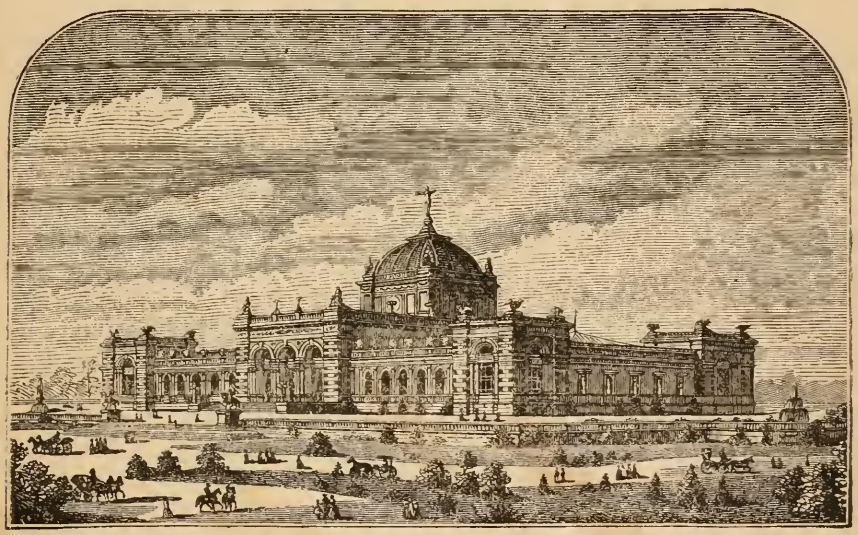
"What fibs it tells!" George said, after awhile. "Great fuss they made about freedom! Then they went and had slaves for years and years; till Abraham Lincoln wrote his name on a piece of paper, one day, and then says I, the Declaration of Independence meant something."

"It's dreadful fine print," said Martha; "it makes my eyes ache. But then I like it; I feel real cold, away down to my toes, when I read some of it; and when I feel cold that way, I know things are good."

"See all those stars; don't they look pretty? They stand for all the States. Let's count 'em and see if they made a mistake."

So that was the next thing done. George got around first.

"No, *ma'am;* none of 'em left out. They're all on hand. Oh, look at this big building! wouldn't I like to see that! Look at that big dome on the top, and there is a man standing on it; no, it's a woman — her name



MEMORIAL HALL — ART GALLERY.

is Columbia. This building is to put the pictures in. I should think it would hold a jolly lot of 'em. My sakes! think of a door being fifteen feet wide!"

"I don't know how wide that is," said Martha, shaking her head as though fifteen feet of door was too much for her.

"Well, now, let's calculate: three feet make a yard,

and fifteen feet would be five yards, wouldn't it? and this carpet is a yard wide, mother said; and there's five strips of it; so there's your door, just exactly as wide as this room."

"Oh, my!" said the mother of her country. She could say no more.

"There's three of them," continued George Washington. "All the same size; well, I guess there will be room enough for all the folks to get in!"

"I just wish I was one of them," murmured Martha.

She did not mean she wished she was one of the doors.

As for George, he turned to another picture.

"Ha!" he said, "here is the place where I want to be; they might have all their pictures, if I could see the big engines and things that they will have in this room. 'Philadelphia — U. S. America.' That's what it reads on it. Then down a little lower in says: 'International Exhibition.'"

"What does 'International' mean?" asked Martha.

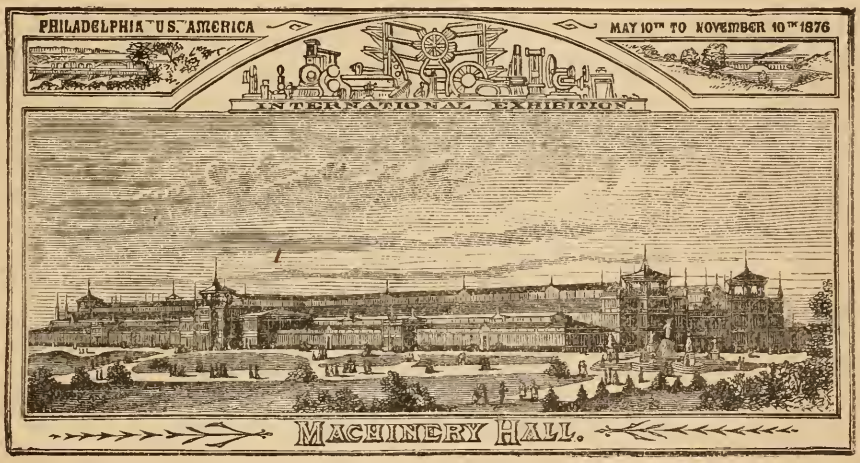
"Well," said the father of his country, looking wise, "I don't feel quite sure; but I *think* it means the inside of things. 'Inter,' like 'into,' you know; that might mean 'look inside.'"

"Oh," said Martha. She was satisfied.

"That great big engine will be scudding around in

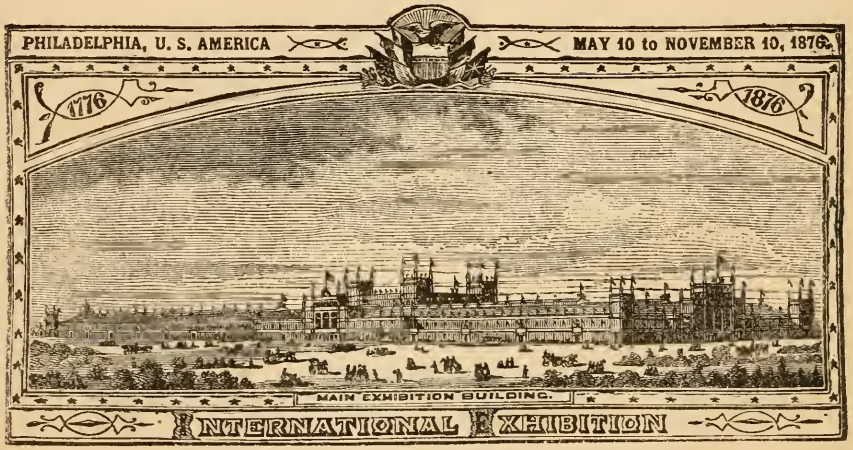
there, I suppose," continued George; "and the sewing machines, and the new writing machines, and oh, every kind of machine you can think of."

"I wouldn't give a fig to see all those," said Martha; "what's the use? you can see a big engine any time, by just going down to the depot; and as for sewing ma-




chines, why, dear me! everybody, who has anything at all, has one of *them;* I'm sure we've got two in our house; and you know Mr. Edwards has the new writing machine, and he let me write my name on it the other day: 'Martha Washington Meyers, Centerville,' I wrote, as plain as print; why, it is print, you know. Most everything can be seen without going there to see it after all."

"Oh, well," said George Washington, and he drew a long sigh; "you are a girl; and girls never care for machinery; they don't understand it; I suppose that's the reason; but I say, I would give more to see the buzzing, whizzing things they will have there in that big hall than to see all the pictures and flowers in the world.




But, then, there's no use in talking," and he turned the paper.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted George Washington and Martha Washington, both at once. And each "oh" was louder than the last; for they had been looking at the pictures backward, just as people often see things; and now they had come to the "Main Exhibition Building," the size of which so amazed them that for awhile all the remarks they could make were those three "ohs." These

pictures I am giving you are only bird's-eye views of the ones that George and Martha had; in order to make room for the story, we had to squeeze the pictures.

"It says it is a par-al-lel-o-gram," pronounced Martha, stopping before each syllable long enough to turn it over in her mind. "Now what *can* that mean?"

"You go get the dictionary and let's look." So these two sensible patriots dragged the Unabridged Webster to the sofa, and went in search of knowledge. George Washington found the place and studied over it with great wrinkles on his forehead, for a few minutes, then read aloud:

"It's a 'right-lined quadrilateral figure, whose opposite sides are parallel, and consequently equal.'"

"Oh!" said Martha. She was fond of knowledge, was Martha Washington, and she was glad that now she knew what a par-al-lel-o-gram was.

"Oh, my land sakes alive!" burst forth George Washington.

"What!" said Martha Washington, leaning over his shoulder.

"Why, this building; it's eighteen hundred and seventy-six feet long; think of that — a foot for every year! Wouldn't I like to gallop on horseback straight through it! Just look at the towers; they are seventy-five feet high! I tell you what I think: it seems as if a fellow

named George Washington, and born on the Fourth of July, ought to go to see the Centennial!" and the father of his country leaned back against the sofa cushions, with a solemn face.

Meanwhile Martha's eyes, never very small, had been growing larger and larger. Some great big thought was behind all that thinking. It burst forth in one short sentence:

"Georgie, let's have a Centennial."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a real time, you know; like that at Philadelphia; let's have it on the Fourth of July, our birthday. We can do it *beautifully*. Don't you know that long arbor down by the bridge? well, that will do for the big building; I don't know about its being a par-al-lel-o-gram. I didn't *quite* understand about that; but I know it will do; and the tent will be the Machinery Hall. And the Conservatory will be the flower-room, and the barn can be the Art Gallery; no, the barn will be better for machinery, and the tent for the Art Gallery; now won't that be lovely?"

"But what will we do? Where's the fun?"

"Why, George Washington! it's all over. Kitty's Josephine Amanda will make a lovely Columbia; and our big flag will do for the 'float' over her; just lovely. it will be; I can see it now just as plain. And we can

have music, your band, you know, and real flowers, lots of them, and pictures and speeches; they had a poem, and all such things; and papa will let us have the Chinese lanterns up, because it will be Fourth of July, and our birthday. Oh, we can have a perfectly splendid Centennial, all our own!"

"We could have my new balloon, and my wind-mill, and my kite, with a new-fashioned tail, for Machinery Hall," said George Washington, beginning to warm with the new idea. "Those are all new things."

"Yes, and Kittie's doll-carriage, with the draw behind; that's machinery."

"So it is; and I made it! I invented it! I've got a new notion about that balloon that will make it better than ever; why, I don't know but it would be a good idea."

"Oh, splendid! we can have domes, and all; I know what will make splendid domes; just take some old hoop-skirts, there's piles and piles of them in the attic, and cover them over with sheets and things, and they would look lovely. We could have three on the arbor."

"There's one thing," said George Washington, leaning his cheek on his hand; "they have things from Paris, you know, and London, and all that; we couldn't manage that."

"Paris!" said Martha, her eyes growing larger; and she went to thinking.

"I know," she said; "let's have Tommy, and Janie, and Trudie, in it; they moved from Paris Hill, you know; and they can bring lots of things, and all their things we can mark 'Paris'!"

"That's a fact. And that fellow that's visiting at the Stone house is from New London. What's to hinder our letting him in and having a lot of things from London? I'll tell you what, Martha Washington, you and I are a jolly couple; let's do it."

## *CHAPTER II.*

### HOW IT WAS PLANNED.

THEN began work, I can tell you. The mother of George and Martha Washington had reason, before the next long weeks were over, to wish that she had named her children John and Jane Smith, or any other worthy names, unknown to fame. You have no idea how they flew about! There was a great deal to be done. To show what a lovely place Martha had chosen for the "big building," you shall have a peep of her, down by the bridge, the arbor just behind them, while she sat at her papa's side and explained to him the wonderful plan.

The heartiness with which papa went into the whole affair was an honor to his country. In fact, he had a dozen new ideas for them, and Martha left him more delighted and determined than before. Oh, me! I wish you and I could have followed those two people up and down the world for the next two weeks. If our feet wouldn't have ached, it wouldn't have been their fault.

The plan grew and widened as they talked it over, and worked it over, till they were almost astonished at their own schemes. A bell they must have, of course.

"And, oh!" screamed Martha, "it shall be made of flowers!"

"And, oh!" yelled Trudie, from Paris, "the clapper shall be a lily," and though I haven't room for the bell, I declare, you shall see the lily.

"Now the flowers, they must be yellow; oh, *so* yel-

low," said Martha, "that people will think they are made of brass, like a real bell;" and so the Scotch gardener

had to be talked, and talked, and *talked at*. Poor Martha's tongue just ached before she managed him. He didn't believe in the Centennial so very much as he

might, anyhow. Sober old Scotland had never done anything so wild as that.

"Oh, but David!" said Martha, "of course you *couldn't*, you know, because you never had a Declaration of Independence, and bells rung, and one of them cracked, and all that; how could you?"

"Indeed, and Miss Marthie," David said, "Old Scotland was as independent as she cared to be. Freedom to do her duty in the fear of God was as much as a body needed; and if Scotland hadn't that, why, who had? And as for bells, she would never hear any bells so sweet as the bells of old Scotland, nor see anything bonnier than the heather bells growing everywhere. As for being cracked, it was no such great pride to have cracked bells."

Martha saw she had made a mistake. "Oh, but David!" she said; "we are going to have ever so many people here, to walk up and down, as they do in Philadelphia, and don't you see they will find that your flowers are the prettiest and the yellowest in the world?"

"Weel, if it comes to that, that's so," he said; "and a prettier show of flowers than mine it would be hard to find;" and so the old gardener was won.

The Art Gallery was to be a success. Every Centennial picture that the daily and weekly papers and magazines brought to Centerville, and that George and Mar-

tha could get hold of, was cut and framed in evergreen, and touched off at the corners with gilt paper stars, and hung in Memorial Hall.

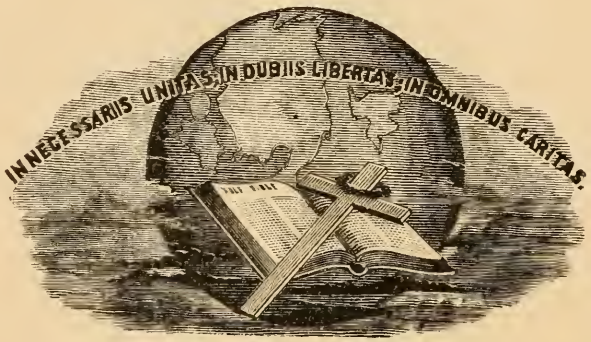
Moreover, they planned one such lovely work of art, for the centre piece, that nothing at Philadelphia *can* quite equal it, so you shall have a glimpse of the copy.

It was nothing less than Kitty Meyers herself, in a hat that was forty-five years old, and her hair combed just as mamma used to comb hers, and a pussy cat in her arms, whose name was Thomas Jefferson; one of the original signers of the Declaration of Independence, every one knows.

She was to have a lovely frame of evergreen around

her, with yellow flowers all over it for stars, and to be set on the highest shelf in Memorial Hall — a living, breathing work of art, fresh from the Master's hand. We challenge Philadelphia to equal that!

So the plan grew, and grew, and grew, until father became nearly as wild as the children — so the mother said, but she sewed gilt stars on a white robe while she spoke, and while she sewed she smiled. She was not




sorry that she had named her children those troublesome names, after all.

There was a great map of the world in the Art Gallery, and mamma suggested a big Bible to be laid open before it, for the emblem, and the good angels made Trudie, from Paris, think a cross of white flowers would be just the thing to lay on it; and as one thing leads to another, Papa Meyers himself helped cut and cover and arrange the letters that spelled the motto. And Martha,

as she surveyed with great delight every unpronounceable, queer-sounding, solemn-looking word, said, with a great sigh of satisfaction, that "that was better than a parallelogram, she was sure!"

They were really almost ready now. The speech, even the poem, was written and learned, and had been recited in the barn, in the wood-shed, in the pasture, in the arbor, wherever George Washington's historic feet had occasion to tread; for who so fitting to deliver the poem on this occasion as the venerable George? I am sure you want a copy of the poem. Here it is: —

Hail! Centennial day!
One hundred years have passed away —
Gone from our sight, and gone to stay!
Hail, all hail! Centennial day!

Hail! Centennial day!
Here swings the bell of liberty!
Here can your eyes improvements see!
Made all of them by hands that are free!
Hail, all hail! Centennial day!

Hail! Centennial day!
Yonder there stands a great balloon,
I made it, with these hands, and soon

We can travel by it to the moon!
Hail, all hail! Centennial day!

Hail! Centennial day!
We greet you with a song!
May your life be glad and long!
May you make right out of every wrong!
Hail, all hail! Centennial day!

Need I say to you that the father of his country composed every word of this himself?

It was the very night before the grand "opening." The friends from Paris, and the friends from London, and the renowned Americans, all tumbled around on the grass together, and rejoiced over the thought that every single thing was ready.

The thirty-eight dolls, who represented the thirty-eight States, were dressed, and garlanded, and badged, and standing in solemn rows under one of the evergreen archways of Memorial Hall.

"It's so nice," said Martha Washington, with a yawn, "that they haven't got to undress, and go to bed, and have their breakfast, and be all fixed again. They can just stand there all night, and no more fuss about it."

"On the other hand," said the London gentleman, "it's *so* nice that we *can* go to bed, and get up, and have our

breakfast, and *not* have to stand there all night." Then they all laughed.

Suddenly George Washington grew sober. "I've thought of a strange thing," he said.

"What?" said they all.

"Why, what in the world shall we do with the money?"

"The money!" said they all.

"Why, yes; don't you know we have planned that all who come shall pay two cents at every hall? Now there will be a rush — no mistake about that. I don't know a boy or girl in the whole town of Centerville that isn't coming; to say nothing of grown-up folks; and what shall be done with the money?"

Now when, in the annals of history, was it known before that there was money gathering on people's hands and nothing to do with it?

Yet, so it was. Such a clamor of tongues as arose then — London, and Paris, and America, all talking at once. Each had a plan; each thought the other one's plan perfect nonsense.

"We ought to do something on a grand scale!" said the Londoner, loftily.

"Or something funny, that we can all have some of," said a Paris lady.

"Mother," said George Washington, "what *can* we do

with the money that will be real honorable and Centennial?" Before she could answer, the gate clicked behind them, and Miss Rebecca Harlowe came up the walk.

"What about money?" she said.

"Oh, here's Rebecca!" they all said, "she'll help us; let's tell her about it;" which they all tried to do. By dint of a dozen questions wedged in among the whiz of tongues, she got the idea.

"Well, isn't that splendid!" she said, as soon as they gave her a chance. "How things fit! Why, I'm delighted! I have a Centennial plan myself, and this fits into it, as though it was made for it. You know our chapel?"

"Yes!" "Of course!" "We've seen it once or twice." These were some of her answers.

"Well, you know how the lamps smoke?"

"Don't we, though!"

"And how dusty it is sometimes?"

"Aye!"

"And that there's only a greasy cambric rag for a duster?"

"No — is that so?"

"And that the broom has but four straws in it?"

"Well, now listen!"

So they all put their heads together and "listened," and at the end of the story they all shook themselves

out, and gave a good strong "hurrah," and, tired as they were, they went straight to work over a new motto of evergreen, that it was agreed must appear to-morrow over the Main Exhibition Building. It was the name of their new society: "The American Foreign Centennial Lamp and Broom Society."

## DAISY'S TALK.

"Now, Pero, you mustn't touch this slipper, it's papa's slipper, and Daisy is getting it all warm for his poor cold footie. Toby, you mustn't touch it, either — it isn't a mousie, and you needn't play that it is.

"Papa will say, 'Good little daughter, to take care of papa.' He won't say so to you, Pero, 'cause you know you are only a dog, and you can't be either good or bad. Why, yes you can! When you go after the paper you are good, and when you follow papa to the city after he has sent you back five two times, why, then you are bad. But then, you know you can't talk, and I suppose you can't think; though I don't see how folks know whether you think or not, because you can't tell them how it is.

"You needn't say 'bow wow!' that isn't talking. Don't you feel bad, Pero, good doggie? Daisy loves you, and I suppose it is talk, after all; *dog* talk. I don't understand it always, but I suppose *you* do.

"Toby, what *are* you mewing about? Don't you know Pero and I are talking, and you 'sturb us? You must never interrupt people when they are talking. Scat! don't touch my slipper.

"You poor Pero and Toby, I'm real sorry for you. I can't think how it would seem to be nothing but a cat and a dog all the time. I'm afraid you are both very

naughty, for I've tried hard to teach you to say your prayers, and you would not say them. I 's'pose, though, you can't — it's what you get for being a cat and a dog instead of people.

"You have tongues, too, but you can't say words with them; they are just made to eat milk with, and to lick my hand. You see the *think* has been left out of you, that is just the trouble, and you can't ever go to heaven, because people who don't pray to Jesus never go to heaven; and you can't pray. I'm *so* sorry for you, because it's a beautiful place there; the floors are all made of gold, and they have flowers and rivers, only you don't drown in them, and it's just lovely.

"*I'm* going, and mamma and papa, I guess, only he hasn't much time; but I pray for him every night and morning. I say, 'Please Jesus take care of dear papa, and let him go to heaven when he dies;' and I pray for you, too. I say, 'Please Jesus take care of Pero and Toby.'

"But I can't ask him to take you to heaven when you die, because you can't learn how to pray, and you've *got* to pray or else you can't go to heaven; it says so in the Bible. So all you can do is to have a nice good time here. I suppose that is why you don't have the scarlet fever and the measles and things — because you have such a little bit of a life that there isn't time for hard

things; but *we* don't care, you know, because we are going to live forever up in heaven. Bow wow! Meow! Dear me! these are all the words that you can say. I *am* sorry for you."

## A GRAVE QUESTION.

YOUNG Bobby wears a very sober face. Not exactly a troubled one — but one that shows he has a serious business to attend to, and so he had. New Year's morning, and his birthday, six years old to-day. I can tell you what he is thinking about:

"Mover," he said the other night. There is hardly a word in the English language that he cannot pronounce, except "mover," and when he is very careful he can say that; but the truth is, "mover" thinks the baby word is all that is left of her dear baby, who has grown into a boy, and is quite willing to have him forget to speak the word aright.

"Well, 'mover,'" he said, "that Timmy Mullen, you know, that I went after, he can't come because he hasn't anything to wear on his feet, and the snow has made red spots all over his toes; 'mover,' can't I give him some shoes or something, so he can come?"

You may not understand this sentence, but "mover" did. Bobby was hunting up Sunday-school recruits; he

belonged to the standing army that they had in school, and Timmy was a boy whom he had been after for some time.

"There isn't a single pair of shoes in the house, to spare," his mother said. "Don't you remember we picked up all the old ones for the Smiths, after the fire?"

Bobby looked sober, drew a long sigh, and presently said:

"Then I s'pose Timmy will have to stay at home; it is pretty mean that a boy can't have something for his feet, I think."

Mother sewed away on Bobby's little jacket for some minutes without speaking; pretty soon she said:

"I can think of one way by which you can get him a pair of shoes, if you want to."

"*I* can!" Bobby said with sparkling eyes. "Why, how? Won't that be splendid?"

"But I am not at all sure that you will want to do it."

"Course I shall want to do it; I'm awful in a hurry to have him go; besides, he will make four this winter. What way, mover, tell me quick?"

"Well," said mother, sewing very fast, and not glancing up at all, "you know to-morrow will be New Year's and your birthday, and you know you have never had a pair of boots, and have been wanting some for ever so

long. Now there is a pair in the house that are meant for you; they are bought and paid for, and it happens that they cost just exactly as much again as a pair of nice thick shoes would; now, if you choose to have me do it, I can exchange those boots for two pairs of shoes, and one pair you may give to Timmy."

Bobby stood looking at his mother in speechless surprise — not to say dismay — at the greatness of this sacrifice. Hadn't he wanted a pair of boots, and hadn't he talked about them, every day of his life for most a hundred years! so it seemed to him — and here were a pair in the house, under his mother's bed as likely as not, and there sat his mother coolly proposing to exchange them for two pairs of horrid little shoes with strings in just like a girl's.

"I couldn't do that, you know," he said at last in a slow grave tone.

"So I supposed!" said mother, sewing away; "only it seemed to be my duty to let you know there was a way; you seemed to be so anxious about Timmy."

"Couldn't you *possibly* get him a pair of shoes, and let me keep the boots?"

Mother shook her head. "It might be *possible*, but I don't think it is best. I have spent all the money on charity, this year, that I feel I can spare, but if you choose to spend some, that is another thing."

Bobby was very still — so was his mother.

"Have they got red tops?" he asked at last.

"Yes, bright red ones."

"And big heels?"

"Very big; so big that father thought some of them ought to be taken off, but I spoke a good word for them, because I knew your tastes."

Then they kept still for a few minutes.

"I'm pretty old," said Bobby at last, "not to have had a pair of boots; Ned Smith is a whole half year younger than I am, and he has had a pair for two weeks."

"Yes," said mother, "you are plenty old enough to have a pair, and you have waited rather patiently, considering, and they are in the house this minute, waiting for you; but at the same time you can have the choice I spoke of."

"Mother," said Bobby, speaking slowly and carefully, and getting every letter into the name "mother" in its right place; "do you think I *ought* to change them?"

"That has nothing to do with it," mother answered, quickly. "It is your affair, not mine; what I think, or don't think, is not to the purpose; I have given it over into your hands, to do just what *you* think."

"Then they were still for ever so long, at least it was a long while for Bobby to keep still. Then he said:

"How long can I have to decide?"

"Why, I ought to take the boots back to-morrow, if I don't keep them; they may have a chance to sell them on New Year's Day."

Then I'll tell you about it to-morrow morning; I'll decide it while I am getting dressed. I want to think it over, because, you see, it is important; boots are great things."

"Very great," said mother, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

The picture is just as he looked, the next morning, when he was trying to decide what to do.

"It *is* an important question," he said. "Mother said so and I *know* so. Boots are splendid things. You can step in the snow ever so deep, and your stockings won't go and get all damp, and give you a sore throat; but then, I s'pose shoes are better than nothing at all, and Timmy Nolan goes barefoot, and I could walk in the path. I don't most ever to go where there isn't a path.

"Shoes wear out quicker than boots, mother said so, and these would wear out some time or other, then I could have the boots. Maybe they would last till I am a man; things last me so awful long. I could stamp about a great deal, and try to make them go a little quicker, but that would be mean, I s'pose. Don't you go and be wicked, Bobby, just for the sake of a new pair of boots.

"All the boys will laugh, 'cause I told them I was most sure I would have boots this year, but I don't think Timmy will laugh much if he has to go barefoot. It is real hard to tell. If mother had said, 'You *must* do this, Bobby,' it would have been ever so much easier, only I most feel as if I would have been mad then and I can't be mad now, for I can do just as I like."

In view of all these arguments, Bobby took two or three turns up and down the room; then he did what many boys older and wiser than he forget to do when they have troublesome questions to decide — he got down on his knees and said:

"Jesus Christ, help me, for I want the boots most awful, and I most think I ought to take the shoes. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then he went to the door, and called at the head of the stairs:

"Mother, mother," and when she answered, he shouted down to her, "please to send the boots back right away, quick, before I come down-stairs, and get the two pairs of shoes."

Brave little Bobby. I think Jesus Christ *did* help him.

"DEAR me!" said Miss Marshall, and she began to walk slower and slower. "What a looking hut that is! and what a looking man sitting there! I wonder if I am afraid to pass him? I am glad I haven't my pocket-book," and she felt in her pocket to be sure it wasn't there. "But then, I have my watch and chain, and my diamond ring. I don't know what to do. I am afraid to turn around, and I am afraid to go on. What made me wander away out here? Who would have supposed that such a looking set lived here. I may as well walk on, I suppose, for they will be sure to chase after me if I let them know that I am afraid. Oh, dear me! I wish I was safe at home again!"

She walked slower and slower, and kept looking at the ugly fellow outside of the hut, and wondering how many more were inside, and whether they would let her go if she gave them her watch and ring. Just then a shrill voice from within the hut squealed out:

"Jake!"

"What!" said the man outside.

"Are them there berries in the yellar pail to go to the village this morning?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause they ain't fresh; they was left over; they was


BUTTERWORTH & HEATH

picked a Saturday, and this is a Monday morning. Stale berries ain't healthy, to say nothing of their not bein' honest. You don't catch Jake Flinn bein' mean enough to try to sell 'em for fresh, so near after the Sabbath day, too. *We* can eat 'em for dinner; they won't hurt us, I suppose; anyhow, they can't go to market."

Miss Marshall heard every word of this, and, by the time Jake stopped talking, she had begun to walk fast again. She nodded a pleasant good-morning to him as she passed the hut. Every bit of fear was gone; she knew her watch and diamond ring were as safe as though she were at home. Why? Because she had sense enough to know that a man who wouldn't sell stale berries for fresh ones, wouldn't *steal.* Little bits of things tell what kind of lives people live.

"He is not so bad-looking a man after all," said Miss Marshall as she passed him; even the look on his face seemed to have changed.

## RUFFLES.

They stopped under the old tree not far from the church-yard. The twin sisters, Lena and Lina Ferris, stood a little apart from the others, and talked in low voices. At least Lena did, Lina's voice was loud enough for them all to hear.

"There is no use in talking, Lena Ferris! I am not going to Sunday-school to sit in a class with girls who make fun of me, and of my mother, because I haven't twenty-five ruffles on my dress! You may do it if you

want to, but I have too much spirit to stand it; I am just going home!" This was what Lina said.

Then Ida Willard, the girl with the three ruffles, said: "What a story! We didn't make fun of you at all.

I said your dress would be prettier if it was ruffled, and so it would; and then Gracie only said she shouldn't think your mother would dress you so queer, and she didn't mean you to hear that, at all."

Then Carrie Blake reached out her hand.

"Oh, do come on, Lina," she said, "what is the use of having a fuss over nothing! We shall all be late. What do you want to be so peppery for?"

Then Lena: "Do come, Lina, mother will not like us to come home; what difference does it make whether the girls think our dresses are pretty or not?"

"It makes a good deal of difference to me! I don't choose to be made fun of; I am just as good as they are if my dress isn't ruffled."

Two boys came down the walk; one of them was the twins' brother. He saw that one little sister looked troubled, and one looked cross, so he stopped.

"What's up?" he asked, pleasantly.

Ida Willard was ready to explain: "Why, your sister Lina is mad at us because her dress isn't ruffled; but I don't see how we can help it."

"That isn't the truth, and she knows it!" said Lina, speaking very loud. "She is always making fun of the way we are dressed; and so is Carrie Blake, and I am not going to stand it any longer. I am as good as she is, any day."

Aleck laughed. "Why, I think you *are* ruffled," he said; "more ruffled than any of them. I'm sure your temper is ruffled, away up to your chin!"

Then Lina began to cry. The other boy was Lewis Holbrook; he was not so tall as his friend, in fact the boys called him "Chuncky."

"'Be ye kind one to another.' Isn't that in the lesson for to-day?" he asked of Ida Willard.

The girls looked ashamed.

"She does get mad so quick!" one of them said.

Lewis looked kindly at her. "I'll give you a verse for to-morrow," he said. "'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' If you want to know whether that is true, just try it the next time you have a chance."

Aleck Ferris laughed. "I've got a verse," he said. "'Behold how great a matter a little — ruffle — kindleth!' Now, come, all of you, and let's go to Sabbath-school."

Lina dried her eyes and went on with the rest. Lewis had helped her.

## A VALENTINE MADE OF POETRY.

Little Lulie Langdon with one shoe off, and one shoe on, is almost wild with joy, for this is the fourteenth day of February, and she has a valentine! all her

own! came through the post-office, and had her name written on it, "Miss Lulie Langdon."

"It's made of poetry, too!" she said, and her eyes danced. It was for all the world like her grown-up sister's; only hers hadn't a pretty heart on it. The valentine came from Lulie's dear friend, Georgie Bliss, who was nine years old. He wrote the poetry "every bit himself." Here it is:

Dear little Lulie, I send you my heart,
All made of paper, red and gold; only part
Of it's blue; right in the middle of the sheet;
That, you know, is because I'm your true lover. I call
that pretty neat.

Little Lulie, whenever you get big, and want to send a
valentine,
If I were you, I wouldn't undertake to write it in rhyme!
Poetry's nice, — but it's awful hard to do;
You wouldn't catch *me* at it for anybody but you.

Now Lulie, I don't suppose you'll know that I send you
this,
Unless I put in my name, — and I tell *you*, it's lucky
that my name is George Bliss!

'Cause you see that *rhymes*, and that's a point to be considered,
When your writing poetry every bit yourself, and — and — that's the end.

## LADDERS.

*"So Joshua sent messengers, and they ran into the tent; and, behold, it was hid in his tent, and the silver under it."*

This is the way Floy's portrait looks. It hangs in the sitting-room where her mother can give it loving looks, between the stitches that she is always taking in Floy's garments. An artist who was spending the summer in town, and boarding just across the street, painted the picture; and it is a very fine likeness. I don't suppose there ever was a better picture of a pussy cat than Mr. Edwards made of Topsy.

I hope you see that she has a very intelligent face. Floy, in her winter cap of white fur, and muffled up in a fur cloak and leggins, looked very unlike this little short-sleeved maiden. But she was dressed according to the weather, you see. It was June when this picture was taken, and it is February now.

Floy was just home from Sunday-school. She stopped


O.S

before the picture, and looked at it steadily, then looking down at something in her hand:

"It isn't like my ladder," she said, at last; "and yet it is a ladder I guess. I wonder if it is to climb down or up on."

"Well, what now?" said Mr. Lewis, who was waiting for his little daughter, and watching her face.

"Papa, is this to climb down on, do you think?"

"Climb *down* on? What is the point? I am in ignorance as usual."

"Why, papa, you know Achan used his ladder to climb down on; but then he needn't if he hadn't been so foolish. Wasn't he so silly?"

"I think very likely, but you see I haven't the pleasure of his acquaintance; you will have to come and tell me about him. What have you in your hand?"

"Why, this is my ladder; and that ladder-looking thing in my picture made me think of it; the flower is climbing up on it; the flower knows more than Achan did. Papa, don't you truly know about Achan, and how he made a ladder of his eyes and his hands?"

"I don't think I ever heard of him before in my life; while we are getting these fixings all off, you might give me an account of him."

"Why, papa, he stole, he kept looking and looking at some gold and some other things, and the more he

looked at them the more he wanted them, so he took them; and then, don't you think, he had to hide them, He thought he put them where nobody could find them, but God knew about them all the time, and he told all about it, and Achan got found out. So then he told all about it, but that didn't help him any. He had to be punished, and he had to give up the beautiful land of Canaan, just for a piece of gold that didn't do him any good."

"But I don't see anything about a ladder in all that?"

"Oh! Miss Peckham made us a ladder to help us to understand about it. See, papa! The sides are made of eyes and hands; oh! and a heart, I forgot that; and the rounds are what he did. He looked and wanted, that was with his heart, you know, and then his hand took it, and then they hid it; he kept stepping down, down, and he never minded the sign at the top, which said, 'Beware of covetousness.' He kept stepping down, until he got to the very bottom; and there God knew about it all the time."

Mr. Lewis laughed a little. "What nonsense it is," he said, "to talk to a mouse like you about such a long word as 'covetousness,' just as if you could understand it."

"Oh, but, papa, I do; it means to keep wanting a

thing very much that don't belong to us, and that God would rather we wouldn't have; to want it so much that we try to get it. That is just what Achan did; God gave him his eyes and his hands to help him up, and instead of that, he made them help him down; I think my ladder in the picture is a climb ladder. I mean to use all my ladders to climb up by. Don't you, papa?"

"There is no telling," he said, putting her down rather suddenly, and she ran to show her ladder to mamma.

All that day Mr. Lewis was restless; he couldn't even eat oysters, though he was so fond of them; and he said the mince-pie was sour, though every one else thought it was sweet. At night, after Floy had been asleep for hours, he suddenly said:

"After all, I believe I'll let that mortgage stand. I would like Smith's house well enough, but the poor fellow wants to keep it himself, and if I help him along he will be able to keep it, I guess. I believe I'll 'climb up' instead of down this time."

And Mrs. Lewis, who had had Floy's ladder explained to her, said softly:

"'A little child shall lead them.'"

Ask your father what she meant by that.

# LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep.
Father! I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide!
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus! near thy side.

Oh, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like thee!
Then I shall be
Prepared to see thy face.